

Minecraft Manhunt (Gone Wrong, Gone Sexual)

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Minecraft Manhunt (Gone Wrong, Gone Sexual)

by [teethpunkk](#)

Summary

they fucking in da woods

Notes

I am very rusty when it comes to writing smut also this is my first time ever writing these two so it was very experimental!

George groaned as he shifted in his bed, shoving the blankets away and throwing his feet onto the floor quickly. A crink in his neck caused him to gasp in pain. He pushed his weight up and made his way over to a wall of smokers and furnaces, checking on the items he left cooking over night. Thankfully, his iron had all finished smelting as well as the raw beef he got yesterday. He scooped up the items and shoved them into his rucksack, then picked up the furnaces with his stone pick. He broke his bed and picked it up as well, then carefully broke the cobblestone block above him. A cascade of bright sunlight shone down into the hole and George had to shield his eyes before pillaring up and out of the tiny hole in the ground he made last night. He got to the surface and scoped the area carefully. He was in a plains biome, so any players near by should be easy to spot but yet the world around him was dead silent. George grimaced before climbing out of the hole and beginning to walk north.

As George walked he chewed on a piece of bread idly, keeping a watchful eye out for lava lakes and villages. The plains biome ended and quickly became a dense forest. George pushed through

branches and cut away bushes with his iron sword. All was silent and relatively calm until he heard a crack from behind him. George whipped around, images flashed through his mind of a man wearing a green hoodie bursting out of the brush. He held his weapon at the ready, waiting for a sign that he was being followed. He was about to call it off as a passing mob before an arrow whizzed past his face and implanted into a tree merely inches from him. That was all the confirmation he needed before he was sprinting in the other direction, pushing through the dense foliage. Footsteps boomed behind him, and they were gaining fast. George pushed on, hoping to lose his persuer in the maze of green. He pulled out a water bucket and tossed it behind him, hoping to slow them down. He heard a shriek, and a splash. Taking the opportunity of distraction, George took off and hid behind a tree, hoping to trick the hunter into running straight past him. He waited with baited breath, expecting a figure to run past him at any second. When none did, he took a glance behind him. There was no one there. George gaped at the spot where his hunter was not just 15 seconds before. The forest was still, and he couldn't hear anyone around. Maybe he had hallucinated? No, he definitely couldn't have, the arrow...

Although it could have been a skeleton, hiding away in this forest like he was. He could have sworn he heard someone following him, and yelling when he threw back his water bucket... George was perplexed. The man was so lost in thought that he didn't even notice when his hunter sneaked up behind him, slashing him in the side. George cried out in shock, twisting around and coming face to face with a tall figure in a white mask. Despite the smiley face crudely drawn on the front, George could tell that this player had only ill intentions. The smaller pressed his hand into his ribs grimacing and backing away quickly. He held out his sword shakily, with every step taken backwards the taller took towards him. George could now clearly see the iron helmet and chestplate catching the light and the blue sword now tainted with red the figure held. With inhuman speed, the tall man sped forward and quickly parried. George choked, his sword was thrown out of his hand, leaving him defenseless. His heart pounded in his ears as his back collided with a tree, leaving the hunter to close in quick on his prey. The diamond sword came up and found itself at George's throat, causing the smaller man to whimper and gasp in fear. The hunter chuckled deeply, leaning over his catch and caging him with his free hand.

"Gotcha, George~"

Said boy swallowed hard, adam's apple pressing against the blade now staining his neck red, before stammering out,

"Puh-P-Please Dream I- Please don't- n-not yet I-"

Dream cut off his friend's rambling with a hearty laugh, his head thrown back in glee.

"Come on George, you really think I'm gonna pass up an opportunity like this? How many diamonds were on the line again? 50 blocks?"

George shivered and tried once again to beg for mercy.

"D-Dream... come on please I.. I haven't even gotten to the Nether yet-"

He was once again cut off but with this time it was the sword pushing deeper into his throat, making him suck in air through his teeth. Dream seemed elated at the red glob of liquid that ran down his blade, eager to claim his prize. George whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut under his sunglasses, fighting back tears.

"L- Listen Dream I... Please I'll do anything just let me go!"

George hiccuped, bracing himself for the sword to inevitably slash his throat and leave him to

bleed out onto the grass. He could feel his own blood trailing down his collar bone, making him shiver. This was it. He was about to lose 50 diamond blocks. And once again be traumatized by his best friend. He felt the sword pick up off of his throat and he winced, ready to lose the game.

"Anything?"

What?

George's eyes snapped open. Dream was still looking above him, looking eager.

"Wuh- Huh- Um"

Dream cocked his head to the side.

"Well?"

George stared into the white mask his friend wore, not believing what he was hearing. Dream never just let George go like this, he had to have something up his sleeve. Although, George couldn't deny the thought of getting a second chance felt like a dream come true.

"I- um... y- yes...?"

George squeaked, trying to gauge what the hell Dream was trying to achieve with this. His friend seemed to perk up, shifting his weight to a more leisurely stance. He laughed, it was breathy and caused George to stiffen.

"So... you're saying you'd do anything for me to let you go?"

George began to regret making that plea, as the tone of Dream's voice really offput him. He decided that backing out now would probably end in his demise though so he entertained his friend.

"Yes, Dream. Just- just please don't kill me yet..."

He could tell his friend was smirking under his mask as he threw his sword to the ground a couple feet away from them. George followed the weapon with his eyes, confused. Dream brought his now free hand up and gripped the shorter male's chin, angling it up. George gasped as his neck became exposed, and winced as the wound on it tore a bit more. He felt another glob of blood dribble out and trail down his neck slowly. The feeling was uncomfortable and made him squirm. Dream's hand that was on the bark moved away for a moment before returning back to its place, and George was about to question him when he felt a warm and wet sensation on his neck. He gasped and tried to push Dream away, but one of his arms was quickly pinned at his head level against the tree while the other flapped around aimlessly.

"D-Dream what are you- ah!"

George yelped as he felt the taller shove his thigh in-between his legs, grinding up, the sudden friction making George lose his balance. Dream licked a stripe up George's neck swirling around the cut and suckling on it in a way that could have been perceived as sweet. Between the feeling of Dream lapping at his neck and the thigh rubbing and grinding up and into his crotch, George felt himself becoming aroused. Sure, he and Dream had fooled around before but he really didn't expect him to pull this in the middle of a manhunt. Dream pulled away from George's neck, continuing to grind his leg into his crotch. George panted quietly, looking up at his friend to see he had pulled his mask up to expose his mouth, which was currently slick with spit and blood. George felt himself uncontrollably groan at the sight. Dream's lips quirked up in a grin before his tongue

darted out and cleaned himself up. He drove right back in to nip just below George's ear, causing the shorter man to squirm and moan. He writhed against Dream's thigh, which had stopped moving. He yelped when Dream used his hand on his chin to pry his face away from the tree and to the side, and George could no longer see his friend. His eye's fluttered shut, allowing Dream to indulge in marking up his neck. He bit his lip and whined, feeling Dream bite down on his collar. George panted, pawing uselessly at Dream's hoodie in a silent beg for more. Dream huffed out a laugh and removed his hand from George's chin, letting it drop back to facing him.

"Use your words, Georgie."

Dream teased. The shorter grabbed his friend's hoodie and yanked at it.

"Puh... nmg... Please Dream..."

The taller cocked his head, feigning innocence.

"Please what, George?"

George groaned as he felt Dream begin to grind his leg into his hardening cock once more.

"PLEase.. ohh fuck..."

George cried out, throwing his head back against the tree. Dream merely giggled, stopping his movements entirely.

"N-no... ugh..."

George panted, starting to become impatient with his friend's teasing.

"Come on, George! I can't know what you want if you don't tell me,"

Dream leaned in, biting at George's earlobe and pulling ever so softly. George gasped, cursing quietly.

"F- fine.. Dream can you.. uhm.... Dream can you please f- fuck me..."

"So polite! You're such a good boy, George."

Dream praised his friend, leaving the other in shambles before pulling away quickly and grabbing George's hips, twisting him around so that he faced the tree he was leaning on. George gasped, gripping at the tree and melting into Dream's touch. He felt Dream's hands rubbing his hips soothingly before one slid forward and palmed him through his jeans. George moaned out at the sudden contact and rolled his hips into his friend's hand, biting his lip. Dream chuckled and pulled away, only to unbutton and unzip his friend's jeans before pulling them down to his feet. George kicked them away and shivered at the feeling of his legs being exposed. Dream kneaded his friend's ass cheeks through his boxers, humming quietly. He quickly hooked his fingers in the waistband of his undergarments before ripping them down in one swift motion, leaving George bare. Said male gasped and involuntarily wiggled his back side. Dream groaned, leaning forward with one hand attached to George's hip and the other reaching over to prod at George's mouth.

"Suck."

It was a clear command, and George followed without hesitation. His mouth opened and he immediately felt Dream's fingers breach inside. George moaned around the digits, sucking and licking at them feverishly. Once Dream felt like they were slick enough, he removed his fingers

from George's mouth, leaving a thin string of spit to dribble out of his friend's mouth. George felt Dream's fingers immediately begin to feel at his entrance, before one slipped in. Dream pushed in and out, giving George a bit of time to adjust, but not too much before he was sliding the next finger in and scissoring slowly.

"Dream-!"

George yiped, pushing back into his fingers and panting. Said male chuckled before letting the third finger in, stretching George good and wide. He felt Dream's free hand rub up and down on his hip, spreading his cheeks apart further with his thumb and angling his fingers to just barely graze as George's prostate.

"Fuck Dream! I'm ready please I'm ready-"

George whined, impatiently wiggling his butt. Dream pulled his fingers out, wiping them on his pant leg and undoing his belt buckle. George heard Dream unzip his jeans and shove them down, then heard Dream spit onto his hand and lube himself up. Soon enough he was back leaning over George. One of Dream's hands spread George out while the other guided his length to his friend's entrance. George panted, feeling the head of Dream's cock prodding against him before slipping in. George moaned out, clawing at the tree and shaking violently. Dream began to shallowly thrust in and out, pushing himself deeper and deeper until he was completely sheathed in George. The small male could do nothing but let out high pitched "oh's", his mind fried and his body weak.

"George, you ok?"

Dream called out, seemingly out of breath as well.

"Y- yes yes... yeah I'm.. I'm okay, please move now..."

George cursed quietly and grinded back against Dream, causing both men to moan.

"Fuck... yeah okay... moving"

Dream quiped before slowly pulling back and thrusting back into George. He kept a slow pace at first, letting them both adjust before speeding up. George was breathing heavily, whimpering each time Dream pulled back out. Soon enough, Dream was pistoning in and out, one hand gripping George's hip and the other clasped around George's hand which was pressed up against the tree they were leaning on.

"Ah! Ah! Oh, Dream! Oh God, Oh God!"

George babbled, fucking himself back into Dream in tandem to the other's thrusts. Dream grunted, shoving his face into George's neck and pressing their bodies completely flush together. Dream shifted the hand on George's hip lower and grasped at the shorter's aching length. George moaned brokenly as Dream began to pump him in time with his pistoning, bringing George closer and closer to his climax.

"Fuck George, you're such a slut. Look at you, taking me without a fight,"

Dream grunted into the smaller man's neck, squeezing his cock in his fist and reveling in the way George cried out. Said male could only pant and whine loudly, free hand flailing about for something to ground himself on. It settled on the tree once more and he let out a particularly loud squeal when Dream rammed straight into his prostate.

"Dr- Drruh- Dreammm unnhg-"

The taller growled and bit down onto the exposed flesh of George's neck and collar.

"You're mine. Do you understand? Say it."

Dream continued his rough breakneck pistoning, not giving George a chance to catch his breath.

"Dream! aah- I'm... oh,"

George moaned wantonly, his back arching as he felt his release creeping up on him quickly. Dream, impatient as ever, squeezed the older's cock once more and bit his earlobe, tugging slightly. George cursed loudly, his knees buckling slightly and his eyes screwing shut.

"George. Say it. Say you're mine."

"Fuck! fuck Dream I'm.. oh God.. Dream-"

The coil in George's stomach grew tighter and tighter. Dream pulled back and roughly pulled George back by his hair.

"If you don't say it, I can just pull out right now and leave you here panting and needy."

Dream spat, stopping his thrusting for effect. George cried out, pushing back on Dream to receive more friction but was met with no movement from the other. George felt tears begin to stream down his face, his mind frazzled and screaming for release.

"Dream! Dream I'm yours!! I'm all yours please just use me please let me cum-!"

The smaller boy sobbed pathetically, whimpering and hiccuping. Dream smirked, letting go of George's hair and letting his head fall forward and leaning up to kiss his cheek.

"There we go baby, was that so hard?"

George sniffled before letting out a loud moan when Dream began to thrust once more. The edging and the degrading talk already had him really wound up, so it didn't take much for George to be right back to the edge.

"D-Dream I need to cum, please l-let me cum.."

George panted, his body was hot and sticky with sweat and he felt droplets rolling down his skin tantalizingly. Dream lightly patted his ass and rolled his hips.

"You can cum, baby."

And at that the dam broke. George felt himself spilling over, cock throbbing and painting the tree white. Not a few thrusts later Dream burrowed deep in George and filled him completely. George moaned, letting his body relax and gasping for air. Dream wiggled his hips before slipping out, admiring the way his cum dripped out of George's abused hole.

"Fuck... goddamn it Dream why did you come inside of me I'm gonna have to wash that out now,"

Dream laughed and helped George to lay down on the grass.

"As payment for seducing me into not killing you. Don't think that this will help you, by the way! I'm still gonna beat you."

George rolled his eyes, feeling his mind begin to shutdown as he yawned.

"Whatever, Dream."

"I'll give you one free day. I won't bother you. Use it wisely."

Dream turned to look up at the sun, which was high up in the sky, and smiled. His gaze moved back to George, who was passed out on the grass.

"What! George you're not seriously going to sleep after that are you? Oh my god you're such an idiot,"

Dream pinched his eyes with his fingers, but smiled all the same. He sighed and bent down to give George a sweet kiss on the forehead.

"Love you, George."

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